



THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

AMELIA BLOOMER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.—ISSUED SEMI-MONTHLY AT FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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OUR YOUNG GIRLS.

An Essay read before the Seneca Falls "Conversational," February 12, 1853.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

In the struggles of our day, you, my dear young friends, stand in a most important position. My hopes for the stability of this Republic,—for the next great onward step to be taken by humanity,—all rest on you. We, who are already in the meridian of life, can hope at most but to call public attention to the present false position of woman. Our girlhood gone, youth wasted, it is now too late to retrieve, in our individual cases, the errors of the past. We can but warn and advise; to you it remains to usher in the new and happier day for woman, and fain would I arouse your latent energies and give them a high and holy direction, that you may leave your mark upon your day and generation. It is not all of life to live, and they who struggle not, in the brief moment of existence to make the world wiser and happier, have lived in vain. We all have our objects of pity and interest. My sympathies flow out especially towards young girls; I know by experience their joys and sorrows, their pleasures and trials, and long to see new paths opened to them, a broader basis on which to build a true and lofty character. I pity them for the following reasons:

1st. They are forced to be hypocrites by a false home-education, and a false public sentiment. How seldom the mother is heard to say, my child do thus and so, because it is for your highest happiness,—because it is right,—thus appealing to the noblest elements of your immortal mind. On the contrary, all the feelings, thoughts, and actions are shaped with reference to pleasing the public, to secure the praise of man. It is wonderful, yea, pitiful, to behold the martyrdom a girl scarce a dozen years old will endure to bring herself *down* to the popular standard of taste. She will declare herself comfortable with her vital organs all squeezed into the smallest possible compass, and quite warm, with her neck and arms bare in the depth of the winter, even while the young lords about her, all encased in broadcloth, look blue and chatter with the cold; and so on through her teens to that unmentionable age to which no unmarried woman is ever supposed to arrive. A woman's life is a practical lie all the way through. Conventionality says she may think and feel as she pleases, but she must seem to be what the world says a woman should be, ever young, smiling, and happy. The hypocrisy we see in outer adornments has a parallel in assumed manners and conversation. Father Gregory, who is good authority with most people, (I judge so from the fact that during my girlhood I had three copies of his *admirable* work presented to me) says in his "Letters to His Daughters," "you may love ardently and deeply, but the strength of your passion must be concealed from the object of your affections." This is but one of the thousand lessons of duplicity given to woman to ensure her happiness and success. Really, to hear some of the wise ones talk, and to read some of the authorities on *female manners*, we would think woman's life was intended by her Creator to be nothing more than a grand game, to entrap one male heart, and hold it in her keeping. Then she must never get beyond sweet eighteen. If her face becomes wrinkled with care and disappointment, it must be smoothed again with rouge and paste; if her hair becomes "silvered o'er," it must be blackened with dye; if her form loses its plumpness, it must be filled up by some

artificial means; if she become too plump, why the whaleboned bodice must then do its work. Now is it not be-littleing to any mind to descend to these petty deceptions?—do not these false shows leave their traces on the moral character? Is it not death to all mental improvement to have the thoughts forever fixed on the outward? We outgrow our customs, as well as our laws, and why, when we find a habit or custom burthensome, should we continue it? Should any woman having a clear perception of right, who feels the degradation and bondage of certain conventionalisms, who loves freedom better than praise, consent to waste her life in a tame and unsatisfying round of duties and pleasures, because, forsooth, her ancestors did so before her? Shall we clip our own wings, and grovel ever on the earth because fools may laugh at our first attempt to fly, or the malignant may jeer us in our first success? There is more tyranny in the simple thought "what will the people say," than could be inflicted on any community by ten brigades of armed men.

2d. I pity the girls because they are dwarfed in mind and body by a false system of education. Whilst the boy has many varied and exalted objects of ambition, the girl has but one, namely, marriage; and all are educated with reference to that one, and yet wholly unfitted, by the present system of things, to enjoy life either married or single. If the object of education is true happiness of the individual, then all the faculties of mind and powers of body need to be developed as much for one situation as another. The same education that fits a woman for a wife and mother, fits her also for a life of single blessedness; in either case, she must be fully developed to be happy. She must feel a dignified independence, and a modest self-reliance in either position. To be a mere dependent upon a husband's bounty, is as galling to a proud woman as to be a pensioner on an unwilling father or brother. No matter what niche we fill in life, each soul is thrown on itself for its highest happiness. The wife and mother has her hours of solitude, as well as the maiden, and is as often thrown upon herself for comfort and support; and she too feels the need of higher thoughts than those suggested by the nursery or the kitchen.

All minds desire a world of interest beyond their immediate surroundings, and such a world each one can create for herself by deep thought, high cultivation, and a holy love of humanity. But to secure a true independence woman must learn the art of making money. To do this, she must be educated with a view to self-support—like the boy, she must early learn some trade or profession. This just living along without any fixed plan of action, waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up, will make you as it made said gentleman, a miserable dependent all your days. Now I pray you wait no longer, neither for age, fortune, or marriage, but go to work to-day and turn up something for yourselves.

You young ladies now vie with each other as to who shall be most admired by the gentlemen, who shall be the best dressed at a party, who shall wear the prettiest bonnet or show the neatest foot. Now would it not be a more worthy ambition to see who could perform the most wonderful feats on horse or foot, who could acquire the most property, who could preach the most able sermon, or write the most popular book; who could read the best, or converse the most elegantly? The love of distinction is as natural to woman as man, but heretofore she has shown it on most unworthy objects. I beg each young girl now present to resolve this night that she will distinguish herself for something worthy the

ambition of an immortal being. Choose some object suited to your taste and capacity; for although you may not with propriety select a husband, you may choose your profession, and let your love principle go out into that until some happy man may direct it naturally into its legitimate channel. But what shall we do, say you? One of you fit yourself for a Professor of the Languages, another of the Natural Sciences, another of Mathematics. One of you study Law, another Medicine, another Theology.—You prepare yourself for a public speaker or writer, you sue for a partnership in your father's store, and you make an application for the Post-office. Men make money in all these ways and so may women, and thus secure for themselves constant occupation, of a healthful and profitable kind—an object of life, something definite and worthy of your daily and hourly struggles. In this way, a single life, should that be your choice, would be rendered happy, dignified and independent, and the love principle need not then be thrown back upon your own desolate heart, and make you in fact a "sour old maid," but it will go out into your work, or the passion may be supplanted by a great ambition. The pleasure you might know in swaying thousands with your eloquence,—in being the most distinguished Professor of the age,—the most profound Lawyer,—the most skillful Physician or effective Tradesman, might give you quite as much satisfaction as in being what you are now all striving to be—~~a wife~~, which in the present condition of things, is in most cases being a household drudge, a cook, a nurse, and ~~nothing more~~; for you seldom see a woman who after marriage ever thinks of self improvement. Look about you and behold the lamentable fact—whole lives passed in solving the problem what shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed; and this problem is secondary to none other; the immortal is subordinate to the animal. I ask you how many hours of each passing day do our wives and mothers devote to the development of their immortal, heaven-born souls? Not one, I trow; their lives are wholly taken up with externals; in fact, they have no inner life; they have gone the treadmill round of petty details so long that at length they are little better than mere machines set in motion by the will of another.

But this mental and physical crippling is begun in childhood. While the boy is left free to grow,—to enjoy nature in every possible phase, and to roam all over creation,—the girl is mewed up in the house, tied to a needle or a doll, and dressed in such frail fabrics that she dare not romp for fear of tearing her clothes. Then she is early taught that there is something for her to be *afraid* of—something especially dangerous to girls that never touches boys—she knows not exactly what. She sees her brother can go alone by night and day, but she, alas! must never move without a protector.—Thus is that *natural timidity* so beautiful in woman, educated into her, and as she grows up it increases with her years, and strengthens with her growth, until it is legitimate for a full-grown woman to scream at the sight of a spider, or a mouse, shudder in the presence of a cat, tremble at the sight of a cow, and faint outright at an encounter with a toad. No one, himself free from such torture, can appreciate the bondage inflicted on a woman by all these imaginary fears, and the thousand privations girls suffer from the public sentiment that will not permit them to go alone. All these stories got up to frighten girls ought to be frowned down; and women who have the courage ought to make it respectable for all

women to go alone at all times, and in all places. But if it be true that on this green earth man alone can in safety walk forth in solitude to enjoy the majestic forest and sunny dale, the glorious sunrise from some mountain top, or the pale moonlight beside some placid lake, then must the lamb put on the lion's skin, that she too may enjoy full liberty—that she too may know the bliss of a solitary ramble in communion with great Nature and her God. I hope, girls, you will just try the experiment of going alone wherever you may wish, with just the same freedom your brothers do. I have patroled this region, night and day, often enough to assure you that fears here at least are groundless. Our animals that live in the road are too tame to molest any one. If you meet a drunken man you can easily manage him, by taking a bee-line yourself, for that he cannot follow. If you apprehend any insults from a sober man, why run with all your might; remembering that it is a physiological fact that while man has greater strength than woman, in the arms and shoulders, we are greatly his superior in fleetness.

3d. I pity the girls because life with them is a vacuity, without aim, object, plan or design. A sleigh-ride, a ball, an evening party, a birth, death or marriage, form the only eras of their existence.—They seem to stand on the shores of the busy world, like the man in the Scripture at the pool of Bethsaida, waiting for some one to come and push them in. Follow me for a moment through the years of a woman's life, and tell me, you who listen, are such hopes and fears worthy an immortal being? The girl leaves school at seventeen, with all the honors of a graduate thick upon her. Until this time she has had some objects comparatively worthy of ambition; first, to excel in running races, jumping the rope, or dressing her doll; then to read, spell, sing or dance, with more skill than some rival; then to have better recitations in mathematics, philosophy or the languages, or to write a finer composition than her classmates; and last, to win the prizes at a public examination. Until this period the girl is supposed to love distinction as well as the boy, and no one expects that she shall rest satisfied with her brother's success; but on the contrary she takes special pride in being even his superior. If she loves study, is a fine scholar, the pride of her parents and teachers, how often the remark, "what a pity she is not a boy," will greet her ear, and thus the thought "of what use will these attainments be to me," is continually suggested to her mind; for in leaving school she must leave her books too, for is it not the verdict of all mankind that the woman who loves books will be good for nothing else? Therefore, instead of perfecting herself in some branch which she has commenced, if wealthy, she enters at once into a round of empty pleasures, spending her winters at the metropolis, and her summers at Saratoga; if poor, she works for some slop-shop, at a shilling a day, or performs the fourfold duties of laundress, seamstress, cook and lady, in her father's house, and works perchance all her days for her board and clothing, without ever having one cent she can call her own. In either condition the goal to be reached is marriage; that offering to one class a means of greater freedom and enjoyment, and to the other a door of escape from incessant toil, and an uncertain livelihood. This, all concede, is woman's destiny. The idea is instilled into her on all sides; kind friends are ever on the lookout for desirable matches, and if the girl enters into their plaus with zest, then they laugh at her and say she is too anxious to get married; if on the contrary she has too much self-respect to allow herself to be

regarded as a "horse in the market," and too high a standard of manly character to be pleased with the attentions of any popinjay, then they say, "well she is too particular, she will have to take up with a crooked stick at last." Thus is her mind enervated, and it becomes impossible to arouse her to a systematic, energetic life, in either thought or action.

As the years roll on she feels a void in her existence which the excitements of social life fail to fill. "The world tells her she must marry." "The preacher tells her she must get religion." Now depend upon it dear girls, there is no panacea for ennui but a healthful occupation—Do all women in the church, and in wedlock, look as though they had that inward peace which passeth all understanding—a state of comfort and satisfaction? By no means; and so long as we have marriage without its essential essence, love; and a religion of forms, that enters not into our daily life, you need not look to these sources for fuller, happier existence. You may go through a dispensation of gloom and ecstasy, and fancying yourself converted, enter the church, and like the devout catholic, go through its hollow forms, listen to dull sermons and long prayers, and enjoy yourself in so doing because you think by this means to secure your future safety, and thus to please the Great Father of all; but sooner or later you will wake to find this a dream. But wait neither for marriage nor conversion, but begin to-day to cultivate the deep religious element in your nature, and wisely direct its practical outgoings—its holy spiritual aspirations. Then will you be blessed indeed. It will raise you at once above all the petty annoyances, strife and vain struggles of those about you. The world's policy, its mottoes, its code of honor, will be all too low for you. Upward and onward will be your way; and though the outward may lose its freshness of youth and beauty, the spirit will grow brighter and brighter to the last. But remember, to live a high and noble life on the earth, you must be able to tread the wine-press alone, as did the Blessed One of Bethlehem before you; ever looking upon yourself as a Heaven-born medium of light to a perishing world. Then will you act from your own holy impulses, and utter not the world's crude maxims, but the divine truths revealed to your own soul. "But before we can dispense with the world, we must by a long and severe novitiate—by the probation of much thought and much sorrow—by deep and sad conviction of the vanity of all that the world can give us, have raised ourselves—not in the fervor of a moment, but habitually, above the world: an abstraction—an idealism—which in a wiser age how few of the wisest can attain. Yet till we are thus fortunate we know not the true divinity of contemplation, nor the all-sufficiency and mightiness of conscience; nor can we retreat with solemn foot-steps into that holy of holies in our own souls, wherein we know and feel how much our nature is capable of the self-existence of a God."

Correspondence of The Lily.

INDIANA.

NORTH MANCHESTER, Ind., Jan., 1853.

Another boy and myself have dedicated the New Year to the cause of Humanity by circulating through our village the following Petition:

"The undersigned women of Indiana, believing that the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits to be used as a beverage, is a great moral, social, and political evil, pray you to prohibit the same."

I do not like this petition as well as one that I saw in *The Lily*; but it is the form that is being used in other parts of the State, and it was thought advisable to have the same here. We succeeded beyond our expectations. Almost all the women of our village signed it. There will be quite an effort made to secure the passage of a stringent, prohibitory law, by the Legislature of this state this winter. We can hardly hope, however, that the friends of temperance will succeed this time. So many are waiting to be wafted on the popular current—waiting to see what will turn up, instead of going to work and turning something up themselves. This waiting for others to move, and fearing to take hold of ourselves, is what has kept up this curse to human progress till this day. If all the professed friends of temperance had worked in earnest, had been true to their principles, this monster evil would not now stalk through the land slaying its thousands annually. Moral reformation is not brought about without labor—without sacrifice—and yet it is hardly right to call it sacrifice, for the consciousness of having done our duty to our fellow man carries with it such happiness-producing effect, that though we may incur the displeasure of a few *envious, jealous* minds, the laborers are the gainers in the end.

For a few weeks past we have had a flourishing Temperance Society in this place; the discussions awaken an interest in the subject that has hitherto laid dormant. But the modesty and delicacy of some of our *Ladies*, has been so shocked by some others of their number taking part in the meeting with men, that they would not unite with them to stay the drinking which pollutes the moral atmosphere of the village. I suppose they think this will answer as an excuse for them, for throwing their influence in favor of Drunkenness; as they must certainly do who stand aloof from this movement, though they may not see it, for it is as true now as it was of old, "they who are not for us, are against us." There is no neutral ground; and such women need not wonder if their sons grow to love the intoxicating bowl, when they are continually exposed to temptation amongst their companions, and hear the Temperance cause condemned at home, because, forsooth, such a *lady* has so far forgotten her subserviency to that tyrant denominated *female propriety* as to raise her voice for truth in a temperance meeting! Away with such flimsy excuses. I would rather commend the frankness of a *Lady* (!) who refused to sign the petition because "she liked ardent spirits, and drank it every day." I pity the person who is a willing victim to such a demoralizing custom.

But I am taking the room of abler correspondents, and I close by requesting you to send two copies of *The Lily* to—

Respectfully yours for progress,
MARY F. THOMAS.

THE LILY.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., MARCH 1, 1853.

TEMPERANCE TRACTS.

A variety of tracts designed to show the duty and influence of women in the temperance cause, have been published by the Women's State Temperance Society, and will be furnished to Societies or individuals wishing them for gratuitous distribution, at two dollars per thousand, or five hundred for ONE DOLLAR!

A number of these tracts have been left with us for disposal. A letter, post-paid, enclosing an order and remittance, directed *AMELIA BLOOMER*, Seneca Falls, N. Y., will insure the prompt return of the tracts by mail, with *postage paid* thereon.

\$10 PREMIUM.

The sum of \$10 will be paid by the Women's State Temperance Society to the woman who shall produce the best tract entitled "THE DUTY OF THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE," the tract to contain either four or eight pages. The manuscript may be presented at the time of the Annual Meeting of the Society to be held at Rochester, in June 1853. Or they may be directed at any time previous, to *MARY H. HOLLOWELL*, Rochester, N. Y., or to *AMELIA BLOOMER*, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

The articles will be submitted to an intelligent committee chosen by the Convention, and the premium paid according to their decision. All manuscripts submitted for the premium, to become the property of the Society.

By order of the Executive Committee,

ELIZABETH C. STANTON, President.

AT HOME.

After an absence of two weeks, we again find ourselves in our own loved home, where we meet with a hearty welcome. Most forcibly do the words of the Poet come before our mind as we enter our quiet sanctum—and from the depths of our heart we can endorse them—

"Home! sweet home! be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

During the two weeks spent in jaunting through some of the cities and villages on the beautiful Hudson, we have seen much of the grand and beautiful in nature, and made the acquaintance of some of the choice spirits of that section of our State. It has been a relaxation from the cares of business, which we much needed, and we trust will prove to have been time profitably spent, both to us, and to those who have listened to the message we bore them.

But while there has been much of pleasure in this excursion, there has also been much of pain—much to sadden the heart, and cause the fountain of tears to overflow. Ah! who can pass along the streets of our Metropolis without feeling sad at the sights of wretchedness that present themselves? What is all the grand display, the gay equipage, the gorgeous show of the wealthy, while the poor hapless victims of bad laws and a corrupt public sentiment meet you on every hand? But it is not in the streets alone that misery abounds. To see it in all its awfulness one must seek it in its retreats. To realize fully the extent of crime and degradation in that modern Babel, one must look upon its victims in the cells of its prisons. Ah! reader, we have been within the Tombs—we have seen the bolts drawn, and gazed in upon the fallen of our own sex who are there caged up between stone walls, and deprived of the pure air, and bright sun-light. The sight caused us to shudder—a chilliness crept over us, and the heart's pulsations almost ceased. In some cells were two or three, in some eight or ten women grouped together—many of them young and fair, and, judging from their looks, as intelligent as the mass of women. In one, on the narrow bed of straw, lay a well-dressed girl of some eighteen or twenty years. She had been brought in that morning in a state of drunkenness, and had not yet recovered to learn her situation. There she lay in a deep drunken slumber, her face red and bloated, and her hair disheveled, but otherwise fair to look upon. Some were only guilty of being drunk; but others were there for crime of various shades, and one or two whose hands had been dyed in human blood; yet rum was the cause of all.

"Oh! what a sight to look upon! what a subject for reflection! And how came these women here? what caused them to fall so low? who is answerable for their ruin? Surely the guilt rests not alone on these hapless ones. Society is answerable for their ruin. The laws that place the temptation to sin in their way—the powers that say that the manufacturers of all this crime and wretchedness are moral men, and their business an upright, moral one—these are the real criminals—these are they who must answer before God for the prostration of intellect, the corruption of morals, the commission of crime, the utter wretchedness and despair, the loss of the many immortal souls incarcerated from day to day within these gloomy walls! Ah!

what a curse to our country is the system of licensing men to work so great a ruin! What a fearful thing for those who sanction and sustain this system! what a responsibility resting upon those who have it in their power to remove this curse, and dry up the bitter fountains of wretchedness and woe! what an answer for those who say that woman has nothing to do towards banishing this curse from the land!

We were politely escorted through the prison by the Matron, and through the grounds by the kind-hearted keeper, Mr. EDMUND. Everything about the prison is in good order, and perfectly clean and sweet, which reflects great credit on those who have it in charge. Mr. Edmunds pointed out to us the spot where was to be erected the scaffold from which a fellow being was, in a few short hours, to be launched into eternity—murdered according to law! For the murder of this unfortunate man, as also for the murder of his victim, our law-makers are answerable. He was drunk when he did the deed—he was a mad-man—reason had left its throne—and they who tempted him to the deed by placing the intoxicating poison within his reach, and inviting him to quaff it—they who make legal the sale of this poison—they are answerable for all the lives lost through its agency! Poor CLARK has gone to render up his account; but we have evidence that he died a Christian, in full faith of receiving pardon through Christ. They who killed him have yet to answer for this deed, as also for the lives of the thirty thousand human beings yearly sent into eternity through the power of the Rum King, and with their legal sanction.

Besides New York, we have, during our absence, in company with Miss BROWN and Miss ANTHONY, held meetings in Troy, Poughkeepsie, Brooklyn, Sing Sing, Verplanck's, Yorktown and two at Peekskill. All these meetings have been largely attended, and great interest manifested.

We visited New York by invitation to take part in the meeting called at the Metropolitan, and purposed a speedy return; but on every hand the invitation was extended to us to give the people a talk in the neighboring cities and villages; and finding them ready for, and needing our labors, we could not refuse to tarry for brief time among them. We think the feeling on the subject of temperance is not as strong and deep at the east as in middle and western New York. The people need stirring up and enlightening—Many laborers are needed in that field, and we hope those of the right stamp may be found to enter upon the work. A great battle is soon to be fought, and the hearts and hands of the people need to be strengthened for the conflict.

Sing-Sing Prison.

Under the escort of Dr. F. Hasbrouck, physician of the prison, we went through this home of criminals, while stopping recently in that village. The first thing that attracted our attention was the perfect neatness of the premises—the clean, beautifully whitewashed walls and floors, and the air of comfort that pervaded every part. The table was set in perfect order, and the huge pile of bread, meat and rice, furnished to every plate, was convincing proof that the inmates do not suffer from hunger. The cells, too, are perfectly neat, and for the most part tastefully decorated with pictures and artificial flowers, to which were added a few books and other signs of comfort, showing that the sense of the beautiful and useful is not lost by their occupants. There was nothing to make us feel that we were in a prison—nothing to call forth our pity for the inmates. All seemed so tidy—so comfortable, we could not help contrasting the condition of these with the wretched, ragged, filthy appearance of the multitudes of suffering, starving creatures, who throng the streets, or tenant the damp cellars and dark garrets of the city of New York.

We went into the work shops of the men, and here the cheering sounds of industry, the various mechanical operations, the beautiful fabrics wrought by their hands, so engrossed our attention, that we well nigh forgot that all these men were not voluntary workers—that the State appropriated their earnings—that masters were set over them to compel them to their tasks; and that although surrounded by social beings, all converse was denied them, and they doomed to work for months and years without daring to open their lips, unless at the master's bidding—that they were criminals, many of them made such by law, sent here to expiate the crimes the law had invited them to commit.

In the work room of the women, perfect order and neatness prevailed. There sat some sixty or seventy women plying the needle with a (seemingly) right good will. Trimming hats was the principal business, though many were engaged in making clothing for the men. All seemed comfortable, and could we have heard them laugh and chat over their work, we should have felt that we had, uninvited, found our way to a "sewing bee." But the utter silence, the uniformity of dress, the sober countenance and down-cast look, told a sad tale, and painfully reminded us

that all these women were *criminals* shut up within these stone walls to drag out many weary-some days, to stow for the wrong they had committed. But, Ah! thought we, how much greater wrong has been done to them! How much does society owe them for having deprived them of the advantages to which they were entitled—for having surrounded them with vice, and incited them to crime by denying to them an ample field of employment, and a fair compensation for their labor—by inviting them to sin by tempting them with the intoxicating poison, under the influence of which, either directly or indirectly, nine-tenths of all crime is committed. Oh! it is strange—it is terrible to think of—that our laws first place the temptation to sin in the way of the weak and unprotected—that they first put in their hands the weapon with which to commit the crime, and then shut them up for long years within the gloomy walls of a prison, or take their lives outright; while they protect with their powerful arms the *real* criminals, and treat them like honest men.

Drunkenness is the great cause of crime, and through it our prisons are filled with men and women, who, were it not for this law-sanctioned curse, would be honest, law-abiding citizens. When will men learn to look at this matter in its true light? When will they learn that it is better to prevent crime than to punish it after they have tempted to its commission?

DRESS REFORM.

We are in the receipt of many letters which show that there is a great deal of feeling on this subject, and that, though scattered, the wearers of the short dress are quite numerous.

It is matter of joy that much of the prejudice that first existed against this dress is wearing away, or at least, its manifestations are not so apparent. Ridicule and frowns have failed to accomplish their object, and have done harm to none save those who resorted to them. The advantages of this style of dress over the old are so apparent, that no good argument can be brought against its adoption; and a silent acknowledgment of woman's right to fashion her dress according to her own taste and necessities is now yielded on every hand. A woman can travel from one end of our State to the other in this dress without annoyance; and though she may occasionally hear a passing remark, or see a curious eye directed towards her, there will be nothing to make her feel uncomfortable, and seldom any thing to remind her that she is differently dressed from others. At least such has been our experience. Even in the City of New York, where it has been said a woman could not appear so stirred without being mobbed, we have freely walked the streets, and been as respectfully and courteously treated as though our dress had been a street-sweeper. So far as we have had opportunity of judging there is about as much self-respect and civilization existing among the New Yorkers as with people in the country.

There is really nothing to hinder the universal adoption of this comfortable and convenient style of dress, except the fact that the fashion has not yet come to us from the corrupt Parisian Court. On every hand we hear the admission of its superiority, and the wish expressed that it might become fashionable. There is, however, hope for our faint-hearted, fashion-led women, for we see it stated that "the new Emperor has directed a change in court costume, and that the ladies are to wear short skirts, coats and vests, but no pantaloons." This fashion will doubtless take; as the pantaloons have been the great scare-crow with both men and women, in adopting our style of dress. This garment being dispensed with by the Parisian ladies there can be no objection raised against the fashion introduced by the Emperor. So we shall expect in a short time to see all our ladies adopting this style. We prefer however to retain our dress as it is—"pantaloons" and all.

Correspondents must not be disappointed if their articles do not appear in *THE LILY*. Our paper will not hold the half of the matter sent us each month for publication; we must therefore exercise our own judgment in selecting from the mass that accumulates on our hands.

CARSON LEAGUE.—THOMAS L. CARSON, the originator of the association for suppressing rum-selling, which bears his name, has been spending several weeks in this county obtaining subscriptions to the Capital Stock of a League which he, in connection with the friends of the cause, propose to establish in this county. He has been, we are glad to learn, quite successful in securing notes for this object. Several meetings have been held in its furtherance, and a county meeting of the stockholders is to be held at Seneca Falls on Thursday, the 3d inst., at which time the League will be fully organized.

Imperfect as are our present laws, yet with well directed and persevering efforts much may be done towards suppressing the evils of the traf-

fic through their enforcement; and we therefore earnestly hope that the present effort may receive the support of all true temperance men, and be crowned with success. Mr. CARSON is indomitable in his warfare against the traffic, and in other counties, through the agency of his Leagues, has done much to bring the men who engage in it in defiance of law to merited punishment; and if he is properly seconded, we have no doubt his labors here will be attended with similar results.

We would inform those who send us a silver half dollar for THE LILY, and subject us to ten cents postage thereon, that we cannot afford our paper at that rate, and shall in all such cases give credit only for the amount remaining after deducting postage. It would be better to secure another subscriber and send us a dollar bill, or to send the fifty cents in postage stamps, which may be obtained at the post-office.

Mrs. STANTON's excellent address to young girls, published in this number of THE LILY, will, we are confident, be perused by our readers with great satisfaction. It was read before the association existing in our village, of which an account has heretofore been given in our columns under the head of "PIC-NIC"—since by unanimous consent christened THE CONVERSATIONAL.

The USA. A paper devoted to the Elevation of Woman, by Mrs. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS, Editor and Proprietor. Published monthly at Providence, R. I., at one dollar per annum, in advance.

We gladly welcome this new laborer to its chosen field of usefulness and earnestly hope and believe that it will, as its mystical name signifies, be an important instrument in diffusing truths throughout community touching the true sphere of woman. Mrs. DAVIS is already well known to the public as a clear and forcible writer, and her speeches and reports at the Women's Conventions have been able and convincing, and have done much to rouse woman to a true understanding of her duty. Hereafter we shall regularly find her thoughts and suggestions in the columns of her neat and attractive paper; and we promise, not only for ourself but for her readers, (and we hope they may be many in number), great pleasure and profit from their perusal. She declares it to be her purpose "to discuss the rights, sphere, duty and destiny of woman fully and fearlessly," with the constant aim "to secure the highest good of all." Again we say, we welcome Mrs. DAVIS to the work she has undertaken, and hope that her editorial life may be both pleasant and prosperous.

WOMEN VOTING.

A gentleman friend writes us as follows:

"I wish the women reformers would confine and direct all their efforts to obtaining the right of suffrage. In that way I think they could succeed. But by loading their cause with temperance issues, Maine liquor laws, abolitionism, and all other isms, the chances are hopelessly against them. Let them secure first the right to act—to do something—and then is the time to reform other evils. There is only one reason why the women are not as well treated as our foreign population by politicians, and that is, they cannot vote. That right once secured, and their wants and wishes will be anticipated and respected. Until then, their pretensions will be met with ridicule—a weapon which controls nine-tenths of both sexes."

We agree with the sentiment of the above, yet we think the writer mistakes in supposing that the woman's rights cause is loaded with "isms." The temperance and abolition questions have been long before the public—much longer than that of woman's rights. Although many of the advocates of the latter cause have long labored in the temperance and anti-slavery ranks, there has been no attempt to load that cause with either of these "isms"—or if the attempt has been made it was promptly repelled by the woman's rights conventions.

We think it all important that woman obtain the right of suffrage; but she cannot do this at once. She must gradually prepare the way for such a step, by showing that she is worthy of receiving, and capable of rightly exercising it. If she do this, prejudice will fast give way, and she gain her cause. We cannot consent to have woman remain silent on the temperance question till she obtain her right of suffrage. Great as is our faith in the speedy triumph of temperance principles, were women allowed their right of franchise, and strong as is our hope that this right will, ere many years, be granted, we yet feel that the day is too far distant for her to rest all her hopes and labors on that issue. Let her work with her whole heart in this cause; and while she demands a law that shall entirely prohibit the traffic in strong drink, let her also claim her right to a voice in making all laws by which she is to be governed.

The following extract from a letter from our friend HARRIET N. TORREY, will give some idea of the farmer's life in Geauga Co., Ohio, and the employment furnished to women. We would

commend her closing remarks to the serious consideration of those who talk so much of woman's delicacy, and are so fearful that she will get out of her sphere.

[Ed. Lily.]

"There is a fine farm across the road from us, where they keep twenty cows, and make lots of excellent butter and cheese; and on the first farm south of us they milk forty cows; while on every side of us are dairies, varying from six to sixty cows. Our farmers seem to think that they can make the 'mighty dollar' faster by making butter and cheese than they can by raising grain and stock; but those who have had no experience in the business cannot imagine how much hard work must be done. There is no resting place—the cows must be milked every night and morning—and the butter and cheese must be made on Sundays as well as week-days. Good girls will command from ten shillings to two dollars a week—cheap enough, in all conscience—four or five half-things completely ruin their health in the course of one or two seasons. Aside from their excessive labors, they do not half take care of themselves; neither do they dress with any regard to health, comfort or convenience. Encased in tight bodices, and encumbered by a good many pounds of dragging skirts, they waddle through door-yards and barn-yards, accumulating dirt, and planting the seeds of disease in a most luxuriant soil. Wonder how those men that are so disgusted with women when they mount the rostrum or tripod, feel when they see them in the barn-yard, surrounded by nauseating substances and scents! Surely, so far as delicacy is concerned, women look much better on a rostrum than they do on a dung-hill! Yet who cries out that "women are out of their sphere!" when they are earning money by working in a barn-yard? I don't know but some men imagine that woman's sphere extends downward instead of upward; for, sink as low as she will, they never seem to think that she is getting out of her sphere; but let her take one step in the ascending scale, and my stars! from the adro which is made, the uninitiated might well imagine that she had started for the devil's dance over the road to ruin.

Do not understand me as insinuating that there is any thing degrading in doing work. I am only doing fault about the way in which it is too often done.

HARRIET N. TORREY."

For The Lily.

THE TROY JOURNAL ON THE ALBANY MEETING.

"That's Mrs. Bloomer's advice, which we copy by request from her LILY." Our advice—we beg pardon, but that will prevail—our advice is, that the good ladies referred to in this call, just stay at home by their cozy fire-sides, and send their burly husbands, brothers and sons to buffer the storms of the season, and jostle the rowdies crowd on change in Albany. The empire of woman, powerful and world-wide as it is, lies not in the direction of Albany. The scenes in the interior of Albany, in the lobby of the Legislature, may be fruitful in colds, catarrhs, and consumption to themselves, but will not—cannot, pen hor—promote the cause of temperance, or hasten the era of the Maine Law, a single degree forward. Think twice, good ladies, before you expose yourselves to such perils for naught." (Family Journal.)

A kind friend sent me a copy of the *Troy Evening Journal*, (I would have no one think I would take such a paper,) containing the above paragraph, advising the "good ladies" to stay away from the late temperance meeting held at Albany. But suppose, friend Fisk, that our "husbands, brothers and sons" were opposed to a prohibitory law; or were in the habit of taking a little now and then, and we had great reason to fear that unless there were measures speedily taken to remove the temptation, we should ere long see the once noble-minded man, and loving husband, transformed into a beastly inebriate, and ourselves doomed to all the wretchedness, misery and shame of a drunkard's wife: or our brothers and sons were thoughtlessly treading upon the highway to ruin, and we felt certain that unless something was done to prohibit the traffic in intoxicating liquors—to stay the pestilential breath of "King Bacchus," that it would soon hurl them into that loathsome pool from whence but very few are ever extricated; and none without the smell of fire left upon their garments. What are we to do in such a case? Must we stay at home by our "cozy fire-sides," and quietly and patiently endure all the untold anguish which it would be our lot to share, and to behold those who are near and dear to our hearts, becoming raving maniacs—hurrying on to the drunkard's dreary tomb, without raising our voices for their redemption and preservation?

And as to "jostling the rowdies on change in Albany," what does the learned editor mean? Is it not safe for women to quietly walk the streets of that pleasant city without being molested by rowdies? Wonder that no one has ever warned the ladies to avoid that city before. And then, "our presence in the streets, or in the lobby of the Legislature, may be fruitful in colds, catarrhs and consumption." What a wonderful discovery! Shades of Esculapius! why hast thou not revealed to the world, ere this, the great truth (!!) that the "good ladies" must never leave their "cozy fire-sides" to breathe the pure, unadulterated air of heaven, lest they be subjected to colds and consumption, as a penalty for their transgression? But perhaps the "great expounder" of the laws of health, would think it safe for us to appear in the streets for the purpose of attending the museum, theater, or church even; and perhaps he would think there would be no danger of incurring those dire maladies of which he speaks, by being in the open air for any purpose, except it be that of attending a temperance meeting. Hope that he will be a little more explicit next time, that we may know when, and for what purpose we may be allowed to leave our "cozy fire-sides."

But the editor says nothing about the drunkard's wretched heart-broken wife, who is compelled to "inflict the storms of the season" in order to gather and cut the few scattered fragments of wood which serve to keep herself and little ones from perishing with cold; and to go from house to house to beg a morsel of bread for her famishing children; or seek for some kind of employment, that she may earn a few pennies with which to get the necessities of life; but which, perhaps, the man who, a few years ago promised to love and protect her, will force from her toil.

worn hands—notwithstanding her humble but earnest prayers and entreaties—and give it to the merciless rum-seller, who in return deals out to him the liquid poison which has ruined himself and family. I should think that she would be as liable to take cold from the exposures that she has to endure, as she would to venture in the streets of Albany for the purpose of attending a temperance convention, where she hopes, with the combined influence of thousands of noble-minded, and philanthropic men and women, to aid in banishing intemperance from our otherwise prosperous and happy State.

Ere I conclude, I beg leave to give my advice. My advice, dear sisters, is that you attend all such meetings as the one of which the editor makes mention, if consistent for you so to do; and moreover, that you use every means which an All-Wise God has placed in your power, to awaken the minds of the people to the enormities of that giant evil, *Intemperance*, which has spread ignorance, crime, poverty, devastation and death among the inhabitants of earth. "Cry aloud and spare not" until the last vestige of the tyrannical sway of King Bacchus is sunk in oblivion, and the thousands of devotees who have worshipped at his shrine, and laid their all as a burning incense upon his blood-stained altar, have been redeemed from that degrading, soul-destroying idolatry; and the tens of thousands of mothers, wives and children who have been offered as sacrifices to this unholy god, or have suffered beyond the power of pen to describe, or tongue of mortal to express, in consequence of such depravity, are redeemed, disenthralled, and re-instated in that noble position which was designed for all to occupy.

Yours in the cause of suffering humanity,

D. L. WILDE.

Saratoga, January 25, 1853.

For The Lily.

POSTERITY DEMANDS WOMAN'S ELEVATION.

I believe that it is now universally conceded by all intelligent Physiologists that the mother has far greater power over the fetal development of the race than the father. Add to this the almost exclusive training during the years of rapid mental assimilation, in connection with physical training and development—with nursing in sickness, which falls to woman's lot, and you have an outline of the demands of the race, why woman should not be crippled in any part of her God-appointed posture. Facts will sanction the position that to produce a superior child it requires a superior mother. The intelligent father can—and if he does not he is guilty—in addition to his rudimentary impress, excite, even an ordinary woman—at least if she is sympathetic to intellectual development, and thus secure a superior child; but this responsibility is little heeded by the majority of fathers, even among those who understand this law of sympathetic transmission of hereditary greatness. They show by acts that it is too great a demand on their self-constituted home exemption laws, for them to comply with these paternal requirements for the good of their offspring.

Comparatively few of our great men leave children worthy to take their mantle as it falls from their shoulders, and those who do have had wives fit companions of their greatness. A goodly portion of great men have sought female society only as a relief for wearied brains fatigued with excessive mental labor, and under such conditions have their life companions been chosen. In these mental weary hours, the woman that could dive with them into the deep mysteries of the scientific pages of nature were adding weariness to over taxed brains, and their society yielded not the desired rest. Had these men been educated side by side with women of equal greatness, explored nature with them, and recited in the same classes they would have appreciated her endowments and sought one that could have been a companion for them at any time; not one to pet like a dog, or fondle like a babe when too weary for anything else. The mind as well as the body requires recreation, and without it at times the mighty intellect sinks to delight in simple things, and thus have men of all shades of greatness sought women of gentleness, perhaps, yet weak, and have left descendants that rose no higher in mental capacity than, through the circumstances by which she was surrounded, the mother rose. With this power of woman over the well being of our race in view, let us listen to the demands of unborn generations. From the glowing depth of futurity come harmonious voices—richer in depth the farther off; calling on man to strike from woman the shackles by which he has bound her, physically, mentally, and morally, that her nature may throb in all the richness of power which a munificent Creator has given her, and wisely through her has bequeathed as an inheritance to the generations that shall come after her.

Man, thou art required to give thy companion a helping hand, as together you walk the shores of time—as together you give to posterity—as together you prepare for eternity. Woman can be enslaved without man suffers with her—with directly and prospectively. Woman to fulfill her calling requires the very best cultivation man can yield her, for the demands on her are manifold and momentous, and she should be trained to meet them. Except she be, she will fall in the day of trial, and futurity will weep in chains of imbecility over her weakness.

FLORAL HILL, Mich.

E. P. D.

For The Lily.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—Not many months since my lot was cast along the line of the New York and Erie R. R., from the Dayton Station, twenty-one miles from Dunkirk, to Hornellsville. I visited and lectured at most of the places upon this section of the road, and also at Ellingtonville, Angelica and Belfast, and the line of small towns lying along the stage route from Olean to Friend-

The town of Little Genesee on this route, is quite remarkable. There has never been a license for the sale of intoxicating liquors granted in the town; and the natural result is, that the place is noted for its morality and its high-toned

public sentiment. We were as a matter of course, in such a town, cordially welcomed, and obtained a list of fifty-five memberships at one meeting.

I do not know but this place is a solitary exception in our State, but certainly, if there are other towns which have never been cursed by the legalized sale of liquor, they are like angels' visits. few and very far between.

Our meetings were generally largely attended, and we were treated with much kindness and courtesy. Some, it is true, were afraid of us, and shaking their heads very gravely, expressed their doubts of the propriety of a woman's speaking in public. Many of the clergy received us kindly, but others, considering us, as I suppose, more dangerous to the interests of society than the liquor traffic, kept a very respectful distance.

Here, as everywhere else, there is need of earnest and faithful laborers in the Temperance Reform; and almost every place has its small band of temperance men and women, with earnest hearts and willing hands, who bear the burden and heat of day. The harvest truly is great, but the number of laborers, compared with the magnitude of the work, is very few. You well know, my friend, that of the many who profess to love the Master, but few are willing to attest their sincerity by laboring in his vineyard. This is an important field, and many sections of it seem to have been almost entirely neglected by Temperance lecturers.

But a few years since almost that entire section traversed by the New York and Erie R. R. was destitute of a market, and the chief occupation of the people along the western part was lumbering. Lumber was the staple article of exchange, and consequently the agricultural resources of the country have remained to a great extent undeveloped; but now the imperious voice of the thundering locomotive is heard calling into active existence resources which have slumbered for ages, and towns which have recently sprung into existence. The busy hum of active industry, the achievements of enterprise, and the eagerness of the capitalists, all tell that that imperious call has been obeyed.

Every locality upon that road is brought, to all practical purposes, into immediate proximity with our great Metropolis, and while great commercial advantages are the result, it would seem that the tide of corrupting influences would constantly flow, but never ebb. Here are wants to be met—a moral force must be provided at home, which shall roll back this tide of vicious influence and save from its contaminating power. Now is the time to arrest the influence of the traffic before it shall have gathered greater strength. Now is the time to save from the blighting power of the curse of intemperance. Oh! that the moral sense of this great State could be thoroughly roused on this subject.

My hope is large for the success of our movement. I long to have the deep waters of woman's soul moved upon by a Divine influence—that an energy Divinely inspired may give efficiency to action. I know that men of position and eminent profession affect to despise us, but Infinite Wisdom often honors the feeblest instrumentalities in a degree which pays but slight deference to the judgment and pretensions of those who deem themselves very wise.

Yours truly,

E. CLARK.

From the N. Y. Tribune, Feb. 17.

WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE MEETING.—The Brooklyn Institute was filled to its utmost capacity last evening, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, to hear Mrs. Bloomer, Rev. Miss Antoinette Brown, and Mrs. Susan B. Anthony, upon the subject of Temperance. At the appropriate hour the meeting organized by choosing Mrs. Lydia F. Fowler, of New-York, Chairman, (or rather Chairwoman,) and Mrs. Mary S. Rich, Secretary. Mrs. Fowler made a few brief introductory remarks, when she introduced Mrs. Bloomer, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., who ably addressed the audience, and was listened to throughout with apparent interest, eliciting frequent applause. Rev. Miss Brown next spoke and brought forward some strong arguments as to the right of women to speak in public on the subject of temperance, and as to the propriety of exercising the right of franchise when this question is brought before the people for their decision.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

We copy from the Tribune the following description of the ceremonies attending the marriage of the new French Emperor, Napoleon III, and the Spanish Countess de Teba:

The civil marriage took place at about 8 o'clock Saturday evening, Jan. 29, at the Tuilleries, with as the papers express it, "a noble simplicity."—The parties invited to be present at the ceremony were about 800. A religious ceremony took place the next day at Notre Dame, in great splendor. The populace turned out en masse. The city was decorated with flags, &c., in all directions. The streets were lined with the military in great numbers, and the scene was very imposing. The service was performed by the Archbishop of Paris, and an orchestra of 500 musicians. The whole affair passed off well.

The Emperor was dressed in the uniform of a general officer, wearing even the large boots coming above the knee, while the collar and cross of the Legion of Honor were the same worn by his uncle, Napoleon I, at his coronation. It must, however, be confessed that the Empress attracted most attention, and the impression made by her Majesty was highly favorable. She is a remarkably fine looking woman, tall and perfectly well made. Her face could hardly be judged of today, for she was, to use a simile generally employed, as white as snow: at the same time, her nervousness was so natural under the circumstances, as to have served her in the opinion of the watchful multitude. All appeared pleased with their Empress, and looked amably disposed to accord the fair stranger the protection she seemed by her manner to inspire.

Her Majesty wore a dress of white velvet, cov-

ered all over with lace. The head-dress was particularly admired, composed of a diadem of diamonds and pearls, with orange flowers and a long veil. The Countess Montijo, her mother, was dressed in blue velvet, with white lace, white bonnet and feathers tipped with gold. Their Majesties were conducted by the Archbishop and his assistants to a raised estrade, on which were two seats placed on a carpet of ermine, and surmounted by a canopy, on which (of course) figured the eagle.—This part of the church was so arranged as to form a Gothic chapel, but such was the blaze of lights and costume that the intended effect was not quite equal to expectation. The ceremony lasted about an hour; after which the Imperial party left in the same order, the orchestra chanting *Te Deum* as they were going out.

As soon as the Emperor and Empress had disappeared, there was a general rush to the doors to see them mount the state carriage, and so animated was the scene without, with ladies, gentlemen, soldiers, troopers, men in livery, all mingled together, while the great bell rang its merriest peal, and the music, loud enough to be heard, that people seemed more struck with the effect than they had been by the more staid magnificence they had just been witnessing. The Empress, too, looked as if she had recovered her composure, and smiled with evident pleasure, while the cheers of the people, as the happy couple moved off, became really of the most cordial kind.

The people crowded in innumerable throngs on Monday to see the Cathedral of Notre Dame.—A small charge was made for admission, which the Archbishop of Paris officially notified would be appropriated to the relief of the poor.

The Emperor and Empress appeared a second time on Sunday evening on the balcony of the Tuilleries, when they were extremely well received by the people. His Majesty on this occasion wore a citizen's dress, with his decorations, and the Empress was attired in crimson velvet, with a white bonnet.

For the Lily.

FEMALE LABOR.

No class in community suffer greater oppression than seamstresses and employees in Factories.

From morning's dawn till evening's close,
With weary heart and aching head,
Oh God! how hard poor women work
To gain their scanty, daily bread.
In rain or sunshine—heat and cold,
They still are lingering at their task;
While lordly men who count their gold,
In pride and gay luxuriance bask.

Poor women—see them tug and strive—
No moment they can call their own—
'Tis wonderful they thus survive.
Since all the bliss of life has flown.
They try to smile, and pass away
The time as pleasant as we can;—
Oh God of might! to thee we pray
For truth to melt the heart of man.

The countless tears that daily flow
From whom earth's pampered lords oppress,
Tell of the aching hearts of woe
Whom none will succor, none will bless,
Yet uncomplaining they pursue
Their various labors, day by day.
With no bright future in their view,
To chase the shades of gloom away.

Oh! let the tear of pity fall—
Ye men of wealth and power, Oh! list
Unto the wasting mother's call,
And in the work of death despair—
Relieve the burthen of the poor
And succor all in need and pain,
This will for you that wealth secure
Which nought can take from you again.

C. W. S.

THE LITTLE OUTCAST.

BY MRS. DENISON.

"Mayn't I stay, ma'am? I'll do anything you bid me—cut wood, go after water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage sat by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only two naked trees near the house, and flew with a shivering sound into the narrow doorway, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loth to grant the boy's request, and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but by no means handsome gray eyes.

"Come in at any rate till the good man comes home; there, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with cold," and she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the child from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes; the door was swung open with a quick jerk and the "good man" presented himself, wearied with labor.

A look of intelligence passed between

his wife and himself; he too scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but, nevertheless, made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he despatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow," so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that as long as he was so docile, and worked so heartily they would retain him.

One day in the middle of the winter, pedlar, long accustomed to trade at the cottage made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as if he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there, splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedlar evasively.

"And where—who is he? what is he?"

"A jail-bird," and the pedlar swung his pack over his shoulder; "that boy young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard his sentence—ten months; he's a hard one. You'd do well to look keenly after him."

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word jail—the poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchases; nor could she be easy till she called the boy in, and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed, distressed, the child hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with the hot blood; his lips quivered, and anguish was painted as vividly upon his forehead as if the word were branded into the flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at once—there's no use in my trying to do better—everybody hates and despises me—nobody cares about me—I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight if that should be necessary, "how came you to go so long to that dreadful place?—Where was your mother—where?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold, "Oh! I hain't no mother! Oh! I hain't had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing vehement, and the tears gushing out from his strange-looking gray eyes. "I wouldn't 'a been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed, and laid onto with whips. I wouldn't 'a been saucy, and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh! I hain't got no mother—I haven't had no mother since I was a baby."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his poor knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off—the jail-bird?

No, no; she had been a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, she was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away but to lay her fingers kindly, softly on his head; to tell him to look up, and from henceforth find in her a mother. Yes; she even put her arm about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child; she poured from her mother's heart sweet, womanly words, words of counsel and tenderness.

Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night; how soft her pillow! She had linked a poor, suffering heart to hers, by the most silken, the strongest bands of love; she had plucked some thorns from the path of a little, sinning, but striving mortal. None but the angels could witness her holy joy, and not envy.

Did the boy leave her?

Never! He is with her still; a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The low character of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead, his good foster-mother aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust.

"He that saaveth a soul from death, hideth a multitude of sins."

[Olive Branch.

Kindness, like the gentle breath of spring, melts the icy heart.

ELIZABETH FRY, OF ENGLAND.

This distinguished woman is an eminent preacher, and labors extensively amongst all classes of community. Her fame as a successful reformer of prisons, both in her own nation and other nations of Europe, has spread far and wide. Much respect is shown her by the greatest monarchs of our time. We learn that not long since the king of Prussia accompanied her in a visit to the prison of Newgate, at the close of which she addressed the inmates in gospel love, and then prayed, the king kneeling by her side; then he and his suite rode several miles to her dwelling, where they dined, and he was much pleased, taking leave in a very cordial manner.

One of our particular friends, who was present on the occasion, has given us a specimen of a visit to that prison. Many of the upper class attended the examination, at the close of which Elizabeth Fry prayed in such a powerful manner, that not only the prisoners, but also the gentry present were much affected.

In 1842, in company with her brother Joseph John Gurney, she made an interesting and favorable visit to the king and queen of Denmark, on the subject of slavery; and the present year (1843) with the king and queen of France, in company with her said brother, and his wife, on the same subject; at the close of which, the latter spoke by way of preaching, in a manner very satisfactory to the royal audience and courtiers.

We are informed that a committee of the British Parliament waited on her to obtain her opinion in regard to a contemplated improvement in relation to prisons—a respect and confidence seldom, if ever, manifested to a woman.

All this is interesting, but how are we to reconcile the preaching of women with the command of the Apostle Paul where he forbids women to speak in the church, or usurp authority over the men; says it was a shame for them to speak in the churches, but if they would learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home. Let us examine the subject:

1st. In the second chapter of Joel, he predicts that in the last, or gospel days, the Spirit should be poured out on females, and they should prophesy (or preach.)

2d. On the day of Pentecost, at the gathering in of the gospel dispensation, Peter declared that this prophecy of Joel was then fulfilled; of course women as well as men must have spoken the wonderful things of God.

3d. In the fourth chapter of Philippians, Paul speaks affectionately of several women who labored with him in the gospel.

4th. Philip the deacon had four daughters, virgins, who did prophesy (or preach.) As he had authority, would he have allowed his daughters to violate an important command of the apostle?

Surely Paul would not silence those virgins, and tell them that if they wish to learn anything, they must ask their husbands at home.

5th. In the tenth chapter of 1 Corinthians, Paul gives instructions to females when they pray or prophesy. Clarkson says "To give women a rule to be observed during their preaching, and to forbid them to preach at the same time, is an absurdity too great to be fixed upon the most ordinary person, much more upon an inspired apostle."

6th. In the fourteenth chapter he explains what he means by the word prophesy, which is exactly what we understand by the word preach, viz. speaking by the help of the Holy Spirit to men, to edification, and exhortation, and comfort.

7th. In the third chapter of Galatians, Paul tells those Christians, "There is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ;" of course the sexes are equal in relation to the ministry of Christ.

Can we so rationally and satisfactorily reconcile passages to each other, as by admitting that Paul, when forbidding women to speak, teach or usurp authority over the men, had no allusion to the daughters of Philip, or any other woman divinely influenced as predicted by Joel, but to busy forward women, who disturbed some of the churches by unseemly and improperly speaking and asking questions? The celebrated John Locke and many other eminent men have so understood it.

Within two centuries, a vast many pious discreet women have been extensively preaching Christ to all classes of

people. Formerly, they endured the most inveterate opposition; pious, respectable, worthy women, were whipped on their naked bodies in a barbarous manner, put into pillories, stocks, dungeons, hanged, and some executed. At length, however, it became so evident that their gospel labors had a salutary effect in promoting morality, reforming sinners, and comforting the feeble-minded, that they were heard with approbation by crowned heads and others in authority, as well as by the community at large, and repeatedly by honest clergymen, though against their interest.

The above seven passages, and the experience of thousands of worthy women, decidedly justify the preaching of Elizabeth Fry and her sister laborers in the gospel. Two other passages forbid to speak, teach, and usurp authority over the men, but not to preach, prophecy and speak to edification and comfort by the Holy Spirit.

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The use of water, in all its different ways, falls far short of being effectual in the complicated and difficult cases treated in this Institution. We have had many from different Water Cure establishments, who had been treated from three to fifteen months, and when they entered the Analytic Institution were unable to dress or undress themselves, could sit up a few minutes at a time, and walk but a few steps; but before they left the Institution they could run up and down stairs, walk from 5 to 8 miles at a time, and 20 miles in a day.

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